

THE
Royal Courtly
GARLAND.

O R,

Joy after SORROW.



T E W K E S B U R Y.

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T H E

Royal Courtly GARLAND, &c.



P A R T I.

A Tragical story I have to relate,
A king of Bohemia of splendor most great,
This royal king wedded a virtuous queen,
The greatest of beauties that ever was seen.

An outlandish Prince of vast honour and fame,
Unto this king's court he a visiting came;
Who then was attended with honour and state,
For the king sent his nobles upon him to wait.

And likewise to welcome this prince to the court,
Great feasting was made with pastime and sport:
Now give your attention, and I'll shew in brief,
How this sport was turn'd to sorrow and grief.

The king saw the queen in the garden one day,
Walking with the prince, which made him to say,
I fear the prince is too great with the queen,
And therefore I ever shall owe him a spleen.

She proved with child made his jealousy more,
Because she had never conceived before:
The king was enrag'd with great violence,
And swore he would destroy the young prince.

He call'd his cup-bearer then with speed,
Saying, when the prince is at my table indeed;
Before give him poison to end his life,
For he has been free with my lawful wife.

To humour the king, the cup-bearer said,
Your majesty's orders shall be obey'd,

Not willing to do it, the cup-bearer went,
And gave the young prince to know his intent.

As soon as he had the king's treachery told,
The prince gave him fifty bright guineas in gold,
Saying, I will escape thy blood-thirsty hand,
By steering away to my native land.

For fear of the king the prince dare not stay,
The wind being fair he sailed away;
And in a short time to his father's court came,
Where he was received with honour and fame.

Soon after this royal prince wedded a wife,
Who was his comfort and joy of his life;
His old father died in a short space,
And then the young prince reigned in his place.

P A R T II.

NOW when the king saw the prince gone clear,
Unto his queen was sharp and severe;
Close lock'd in a castle he did her confine;
For to have her burnt the king did design.

At length in short time deliver'd she were,
Of a beautiful daughter most charming fair,
A babe of such beauty as scarce ever beheld,
Then with great passion the king was fill'd.

And taking the babe with great violence,
Said, I'll kill it, because it was got by a prince;
'Tis like, and therefore her blood shall run down,
No bastard shall ever inherit the crown.

His beauteous queen then in sorrow did say,
No man but yourself I e'er knew in that way.
I will not believe it, base harlot, said he,
For this offence you burned shall be.

If to me and my infant no mercy you'll show,
On the throne above there's a just God you know,
Who surely will judge you for your cruelty,
So with a clear conscience I freely can die.

With what you tax me, God knows I am clear,
If you burn my body I do not much fear,
But my soul with angels in heaven may dwell,
While you with devils are scorched in hell.

Soon after this the king took a way,
The life of this innocent babe to betray,
And told the queen with abundance of spite,
He'd set her a swimming because she was light.

Then a little boat, he did straitway provide;
Resolving to send her away with the tide,
I'll send her a voyage, the wind fair doth blow,
She may come to a fortune for ought I do know.

A purse of fair jewels she plac'd next her skin,
And fastened it likewise securely within;
A chain round her neck and a mantle of gold,
Because she her infant no more should behold.

Ah! how it did the king's fancy please,
To see this babe floating on the salt seas,
Where I will leave this young infant, and show,
The goodness of God, who all secrets doth know.

P A R T III.

THE king in his sleep was disturbed in mind,
Three times it was call'd, O king most unkind,
That now has contriv'd to destroy the child's life,
Through jealousy there is no fault in thy wife.

Then waking from sleep he was heartily vext,
With a troubled conscience his mind was perplext;
He went to the castle when day did appear,
For to ask her pardon, and set her clear.

O worst of wretches I certain have been,
I ne'er can expect to find comfort again;
My dear wife and infant so basely to serve,
Sure the worst of deaths I now do deserve.

The babe of my bowels is sunk in the main,
I ne'er can expect to find comfort again,

For to think of my actions my panting heart bleeds,
O how shall I answer for these unjust deeds?

The queen for her infant some time did lament,
There was a court full of sad discontent:
She took to her bed, and heart soon was broke,
O this to the king was a terrible stroke.

This court was in mourning for several years,
And also the king had many salt tears,
Where now I will leave them in sorrow to weep,
And turn to the babe who was left in the deep.

P A R T IV.

BUT now let us shew how providence smil'd,
Upon this innocent beautiful child,
By tempestuous waves it was drove on shore,
Where the prince reigned king we spoke of before.

A shepherd by chance came by the sea side,
For to view some sheep, when a boat he espy'd,
And seeing the infant, he strangely did gaze,
And made the poor shepherd to stand in amaze.

Yet nevertheless he took up the child,
Seeing what's about it the old shepherd smil'd:
And never being bless'd with a child in his life,
He carried this infant strait home to his wife.

His wife said, when she did this infant behold,
What bastard is this and began to scold,
The shepherd said she was drove on the shore,
But seeing the riches, she scolded no more.

The shepherd said, wife, we'll call it our own,
But keep it awhile that it may not be known.
I need not keep any more sheep on the plain,
I'll build me a farm, and so flourish again.

The wife said, husband, hear me if you please,
It is the best way to begin by degrees;
They'll say we have robb'd upon the highway,
Therefore take my counsel, dear husband, I pray.

He took his wife's counsel, as I understand,
And in a short time got a small piece of land,
So in a decent manner they went on 'tis true,
And all his good neighbours commended him too.

P A R T V.

THIS child grew up endued with grace,
A modest behaviour and sweet comely face;
And being arrived at the age of fifteen,
For beauty and wisdom few like her were seen.

Both knight's and 'squires of high renown,
Unto the shepherd's house come flocking down,
Striving to seduce her with proffers so kind,
But still to love she would not incline.

By chance the king's son rid a hunting one day,
And seeing this beauty in homely array,
Her charming sweet features did torture him so,
The young prince was wounded by Cupid's bow.

Oh how this young Prince was inflamed with love
Studying how he might his passion remove,
From a shepherd's daughter so mean and poor.
Yet nevertheless he was vexed the more.

The prince went out and met her in the field,
Among the lambs where he quickly reveal'd,
His passionate story, saying, charmer so sweet,
Grant me now thy love, or I die at thy feet.

She answer'd him strait, Noble prince of renown
Would you be disinherited quite from the crown?
Wherefore noble prince it can never be done,
I'm a shepherd's daughter, and you a king's son.

My kingdom and crown love I value not,
But would make you my bride upon this same spot;
Was you a shepherd, dear prince. she reply'd,
I could love you dearly and be your sweet bride,

So the prince put on shepherd's array,
And came to this beauty a courting next day,

Said he, charming creature, if you'll be my wife,
I ever will love you as long as I've life.

He kiss'd and embrac'd her oft times in arms,
Crying, I'm the prince must yield to her charms,
Unto some foreign nation love let us go,
And we will be married where none do us know.

He got a ship loaded as we understand,
With rich golden treasure for another land;
He takes a page with him whom he could trust,
Who always remained faithful and just.

P A R T VI.

THE old shepherd hearing, said she'll be spoil'd,
I fear the Prince will ruin our child,
O how shall we get her wife from the king's son,
I'll tell the king of it, or she'll be undone.

So with the gold mantle he posted away,
The prince's page met him, saying, friend this day,
The king for some pleasure is gone to the seas:
I'll bring you on board to the king if you please.

But when the shepherd came on board, we find,
Instead of the king the young prince did find,
And likewise this beauty dress'd in rich array,
Then straitway for pardon the shepherd did pray.

The prince said, father, rise from your knees:
The shepherd said, put me on shore, if you please,
Or else my wife will be grieved full sore,
No, no, said the prince, I'll not trust him on shore.

Now while the shepherd his grief did bewail,
They had a fair wind, so they hoisted up sail:
The ship as we hear was to Italy bound,
But great grief and sorrow did compass him round.

A violent storm on the seas did arise,
Drove them to Bohemia, they are took for spies,
Their ship was seiz'd, and they to prison sent,
To confine them awhile, the king's fully bent.

Hearing of this beautiful creature was brought,
The king to defile her immediately thought,
Yet still with the king for her honour she strove,
Saying, let me die to ransom my love.

But finding she would not yield, I protest,
He sent her to prison, lock'd up with the rest,
His hot lustful love to hatred was turn'd,
He vow'd she should be hanged or burn'd.

At last they were brought to trial, we hear;
How the shepherd trembled for fear:
May it please your grace, this child is not my own,
So how he came by her to all he made known.

He likewise produced the mantle of gold:
The king was amazed the sight to behold;
Though long time the shepherd used the same,
The king knew it mark'd with his own name.

He swooned away, but recovered again,
Crying this is my child I throw into the main,
My child is alive which I thought to destroy,
The prince was known which increased their joy.

With honour and triumph they married were:
Her father was sent for, who quickly came there,
And likewise dame Mopsey the old shepherd's wife,
Whose dancing pleased the court to the life.

The shepherd and wife made pastime and spent,
The king made the shepherd a lord of the court,
Now by what was acted; we plainly may see,
That nothing can hinder what the heavens decree.

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F I N I S.